

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1927



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ----- dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ----- months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

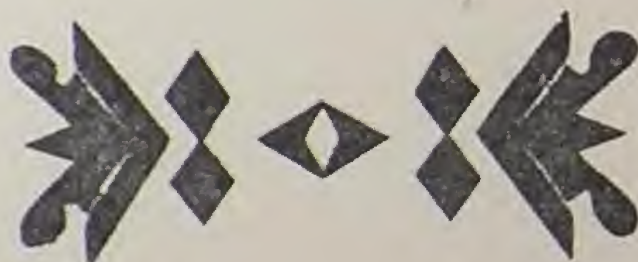
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

. . . .

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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Literary



The Little Boy

The little boy
Sat
On the door-step
Watching the sunset.
The wind sang
In his ears,
The birds nodded
As they flew by.
Far
On the horizon
The sun
Was sinking.
Pink clouds
Traced fantastic
Patterns on the sky.
One black cloud
Stood
Apart from the rest—

As if
It was afraid to venture
Too close to the
Sun's glory.
The sun went down.
The little boy
Sat
On the door-step
Thinking.



The Dream Way

A stately garden burst thru the folds of an early June morning mist. The golds, the lavenders, uinks, and whites or the beautiful flowers mingled their shades and perfumes in an ever transcending enchantment. Two plants wavered in the breeze, inclining toward one another with a love token, a whispered word, a secret smile of happiness and delight. Still gently weaving a pattern in a soft continuous motion, they whispered bits of gossip. They told of the new sorrows and the eternal joys that were the life of the garden folk. Then when words were lacking, an understanding glance from the fair face of a friend lifted their souls to the sphere not heaven, but still above the earth.

In the center beside a fountain stood the tall, graceful body and half formed bud of a ruby-red rose. Her life had been lived only in her dreams. She dreamed away the hours with thinking of a lovely future life. She stood slender and erect, a solitary figure exciting the jealousy of her neighbors. Occasionally she looked at the violets clustered about her feet, and smiled wistfully; but though they loved her and would be friendly, her dignity affrighted them and they turned away. Then her head would droop and two tears would drop among the lowly violets to become pearls in the serenity of the next day.

The orchids would turn from her with scowls and say: "She can not be true; some disaster will surely befall her. The light of her eyes is too deep in her soul. We will watch her."

The golden roses shuddered as they said, "She can not sparkle in the sun's rays as we can. If she is allowed to grow into the full bloom of maturity, what will be her fate?"

The gentlemen were courteous to the solitary rose and sent covetous glances in her direction. Alas, they could not hold secret rendezvous with their "lady of the heart", for they were closely watched.

The lonely life of the red, red rose shone forth in a radiant contrast to the flippant existence of those others. She thought, "Some day I shall love, love to the end of all things; then die happy with never a sigh, but only the thought of the soft pressure of gentle lips on mine. Oh yes, one tear shall fall, my last gift to the worlds, and that shall be a pearl of rare beauty."

As the day began its circuit, the sun rose from out the East and sent a warm ray of light down into the heart of the red rose. She began to feel carefree and to forget her ruby hue, to forget even the predictions of her impending doom. Petal by petal, her draped gown began to unfold, until she stood, the beauty of the garden, queen of all she looked upon. Now her glance never wavered to those others who had ignored her existence. Her neighbors whispered about her in breathless awe as she stood, lovely at the zenith of her life. Those others swayed upon their stems and talked, with many side-glances toward the lady in red, who simply heard the swishing of many whispers upon the wind. Then she sighed, "Ah me!" And her sigh was carried down the ages to the great world of fantasy so far away.

Afternoon came and with it suspense, for "our lady" well knew that her short day was nearly over. She thought, "Can it be that I shall die without ever having lived? Dear me, how horrible"; and she shuddered "Can it be that my dreams are mere fantasies of the mind? Can it be that life holds no more for me than for these others who flutter away their lives in the mere commonplace of existence? 'Twere a shame. Yes! But I shall hope to the end."

Just then Madame LaRose felt an insistent tug upon her stem and looked up into the dark eyes of a strange gentleman. He was plucking her, root and all. With an air of freedom she let go her hold on the cool, dark earth, and found herself pressed softly into the warm loving hand, while the pool violets clustered about her feet were left uprooted, to die as they had lived in sweet complacency.

But the heart of the rose was beating hard in a new-born expectancy—her world was changing so rapidly. She wondered, became frightened, bewildered: "Oh why did I wish to leave my home where all is harmony and peace?" Then with a toss of her head, she raised her eyes to heaven in a prayer: "Oh, Thou great and loving God who lives so far above the clouds, and yet keeps an eternal spark of fire within our breasts, forgive me for assuming for only a moment that Thou, who keepeth the stars twinkling in their spheres, had used me unwisely. I thank Thee with all my heart for the rich black earth in which thou didst plant me. I thank Thee for that great large ball of fire, the sun, who was the first to greet me, when I pushed my head through the ground to the light of day. My love for Thee exceeds all bounds. May I be worthy of Thy threefold grace. And may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost have mercy upon me."

Madame la Rose's insistent heart beats died down to a smouldering flame. She was taken up and up a little way; then down, down, down. Oh, where was she? What was going to become of her? Then she was laid down in the dark corner of a dungeon-like room. No light reached her. She could not sleep. She looked about, too dazed, and with a throat too choked to weep. She could see nothing of interest in her surroundings. Finally as she lay back, merely looking at the ceiling, she heard a funeral dirge. Then the light, measured steps of the minutes passed by, while every once in a while a tragically sorrowful hour plodded by. Then she slept and dreamed.

Before she had fully awakened she found herself in a small glass vase, which was sitting beside a window opening on to the garden. As she was contemplating her present position of advantage, she turned her head slowly, gracefully, and met the eyes of a companion. So deep had been her thoughts that she did not know when he had been placed beside her in the vase.

Her heart was beating violently, and when he spoke she could not look at him, for the soul that could be read in her eyes. "My dear little lady, I had almost given up the hope of ever finding you. Dream of my dreams, your beauty is more lustrous and far reaching than the stars."

Her reproach was merely wistfully, "Ah, and why did you not come sooner? I have been looking for you through all eternity."

His voice drifted on from where hers stopped, "'My love, let us live now and 'love while we may, life is only too short, and wears away'. Turn just a little, my Honeyed Rose, and let me look into your eyes that I may find eternal life in Heaven."

She sighed a reply, "The dreams that I have had! And they have come true—now. With my head I honor thee, thee with my heart I love thee, and with my lips I adore thee."

He replied,, "Our moon is shining down upon us to give our hearts a message of cheer, for soon we must leave and travel far above the silvery mesh of the stars, to our perfectly blended richness of love. Just one lone kiss, my Sweetheart, before we part, for we know not the time nor the hour when our lives will severed be."

A tinkling crash, and the teasingly, provocative breeze swept the vase through the window, and to the ground. The lovers were thrust cruelly apart, and he who loved Madame la Rose died with an oath of fidelity upon his lips.

The ruby red rose reached out clutching hands as her breath came hard. Soon, she too would die. As the moon sank below the trees on the far off horizon, the stars dropped lower to carry her off to the land of her lover.

Then, when she knew her remaining breaths to be few, she was picked up quietly, soothingly, and placed on the soft white satin of a little silver box. The lid closed upon her last breath, and a key was turned in the lock.

Gwendolyn Bissell, College '28.

The People of Hollywood

Hollywood—the fairyland of the Pacific! It is also the place where to the great American public romance is epitomized. It is the axis also around which whirls the more progressive society of Los Angeles.

The gay, half-mad, fantastic people of this world of make-believe seem, to the casual observer, pleasure-bent. They crave the bright lights, the music, the laughter and the gayety of the cafes. Go to the Montmartre for luncheon on Wednesday, for dinner on Tuesday night, or on Saturday afternoon to the Cocoanut Grove—there you may see them gathered in joyous, milling throngs. There is a bohemian, brotherly jollity about their demeanor. They seem not to have a care in the world.

Watch them in their country clubs. They are seemingly indefatigable. They can arise at an unearthly hour for a brisk canter over woodland trails, return for breakfast, a cold plunge, a set of tennis, a golf match, and then be ready for several rubbers of bridge and a dance in the evening. They are a sport-loving tribe, and hordes of them will be found enthusiastically following the latest sporting event, be it boxing, football, yachting or polo.

Their paramount interest seems to be in the theater. There is their work and the work of their neighbors. It is quite common for Bill Jones, the best looking boy in high school, to be noticed by the ever-watching eye of an director and "cast" in a picture. Everyone in the high school immediately takes great pride in saying, "I knew him when——." Consequently, they follow the news of the films avidly, hoping to see their hero's name in print, a thing which, alas, seldom occurs.

These charming people are also interested in good music. Many famous "artistes" have made Hollywood their residence, and therefore a personal element is introduced. The opera is always a well-patronized financial success. At the uplifting, inspiring "symphonies under the stars" in the Hollywood Bowl are found many of the celebrities of screen and stage as well as the laymen.

But only on their homes may we gain the true perspective of their lives. They are not, despite contradicting reports, the riotous, hard-drinking, fast-living set that the middle-easterner and the easterner have been led to believe they are. They are as simple and as natural as the people in "Gopher Prairie". In their homes they lay aside their tinsel gayety, and become their real selves. The young mother discusses baby problems. The matron does her entertaining in her home, exhibiting a beautifully well-mannered refinement. The guests find their own amusement in low-voiced conversations about policies, or current events of local and national interest. They can converse intelligently for an evening without having recourse to outside stimulation, and without becoming bored. They go to church, and this spiritual contact is reflected in their daily lives. On the whole, they are no different from the inhabitants of any other city in our nation.

Ruth Brady, College '29.

The End

Nov. 11, 1927

Something was different, we sensed in the air,
Something had happened, the feeling was there.
The sirens were shrieking through the dull night,
And wild bells were clanging ere it was light.

The loud shouts of people were heard far and near,
And banging on dishpans lent notes to the cheer.
The whistles were not long in joining the fun,
And all this continued the length of the sun.

"What may all this clamor and din be about?"
Said one to the other as he helped him to shout.
"Why, haven't you heard the glad tidings and well?
Our soldiers in France are through living through hell."

Then loud was the tumult and the louder the crying,
For our boys over there would no longer be dying.
The fiend had been conquered and put in the dust;
Let Guns, Berthas, Cannon now perish in rust.

Virginia Ellis, Academy '28.

Good King Wenceslas

A Christmas Sketch.

(The banqueting-hall in the castle of Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, 970 A. D. It is the close of supper and Wenceslas is seen sitting at the center of the table with half a dozen nobles round him. Several chairs are pushed back, indicating that the Queen and her maids have retired. The King looked depressed at the rough board before him, scattered with the remains of the meal. The noblemen watch him anxiously and whisper among themselves. They have been endeavoring to rouse the king, without success. At last one of them rises and addresses W.)

NOBLEMAN: "Sire, we like it not that thou, upon this sacred Feast, shouldst lack of cheer. Tell us what ails thee, if thou wilt—what is't that lies so heavy on thy heart—and we, thy faithful followers, will try to ease thy burden."

WENCESLAS: "I thank thee, my good Bollisar, and I know thy words be true—but naught aileth me."

SECOND NOBLE: "Nay, sire, of a surety thou are troubled—that we know. And 'tis the Feast of the Holy Stephen, gladdest of all the year, for but yesternight came Our Saviour once again to men, even as He did full nine hundred years ago. An' it please thee, sire, we will tell thee of this joyous time in song, to rouse thy spirits."

(Wenceslas stirs, evidently endeavoring to conquer his dejection for the sake of his companions. He drinks and speaks.)

WENCESLAS: "Yea, then, good nobles all, sing me of Our Saviour's birth at Bethlehem. 'Twere better end the night in singing than in tears."

(The King remains seated, one hand still clasping his goblet, while nobles rise and sing a Christmas Carol. At the end the monarch smiles and drinks from the goblet before speaking, the nobles still standing.)

WENCESLAS: "Thanks to ye all, good nobles. 'Twas right merrily sung. But now, begone, I pray thee, and leave me to my thoughts. I fear I am but sorry company for merry Christmastide."

(Exit nobles whispering to one another, leaving Wenceslas alone, but for a small page boy, who creeps in and crouches at his master's feet. Wenceslas smiles at him and without speaking, strokes the boy's head with his hand. Nobles can be heard singing in the distance. When all sound has died away, Wenceslas rises and begins to pace the room, talking to himself. Page remains on the floor, gazing anxiously at the king.)

WENCESLAS: "St. Stephen's Night! Yester eve the Feast of the Nativity and Our Blessed Saviour come again into the world, as the good Clement said. I could not tell them all that lies so heavy on my breast,

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but of a truth I know it is that I would fain, before I die, see that same Lord I worship, hear His Voice and, dearest wish of all, perform some task at His command, earning His pleasure and His gracious smile. Full long and earnestly I pray for this and yet He never comes nor makes a sign—and I am old. Perchance ere Stephen's Eve another year I shall be gathered to my fathers—and tonight the yearning seizes me again—Lord Christ, wilt Thou not come and bid me do for Thee some humble deed, that I may show Thee how I love Thee?"

(He goes to a window, opens it and leans there, looking out into the night. A hidden voice sings slowly, while page rises and hesitatingly approaches his master.)

VOICE: "Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night—
Though the frost was cruel—
When a poor man came in sight—
Gathering winter fuel."

(The king turns suddenly, sees page half way across the room, beckons him, and points out of the window.)

WENCESLAS sings: "Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

(Page runs up, looks through window, draws back, and sing.)

PAGE: "Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' Fountain."

(The king, who has been thinking while the Page is singing, closes the window and takes down his cloak from the wall. Sings. Page meanwhile puts provisions from the table into a bag or receptacle of some kind and drags logs from the fireplace hurriedly, so that when the king has finished singing he is standing ready to attend him.)

WENCESLAS: "Bring me flesh and bring me wine
Bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I shall see him dine
When we bear them thither."

CURTAIN

(Piano plays variations of air)

(Curtain rises again as quickly as possible. All trace of banquet hall has gone. The two are supposed to be on the way to the peasant's cottage. A strong wind (supplied by electric fan in wings) is blowing. The old king, carrying meat and wine, leans on his page, who has the faggots. They walk very slowly. Voice sings.)

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VOICE sings: "Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together.
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather."

(Page stumbles, drops bundle, draws his cloak about him and shivers.)

PAGE sings: "Sire, the night is darker now
And the wind blows stronger.
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

WENCESLAS: Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

(As W. sings he gently thrusts page behind him and they go on, more slowly now, the old man bears the brunt of the wind and has no support.)

VOICE sings: "In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted.
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christmas men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now would bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing."

(As they near exit the wind ceases to blow on the old man, who looks up. His expression, no longer dejected, is full of joy light shines upon him, radiating his whole person. He gazes upward, smiling, as though he sees a Figure standing before him, and disappears, while page falls upon his knees and gazes, awe struck, upon him.)

VOICE SOFTLY RECITES:

"Inasmuch as ye have done,
To the least of these and lowest,
Ye have done it unto Me."

CURTAIN

Joyce Gardner, Academy 1916-1919.

Peace

The lowly peasant woman trudged slowly up the hill. A bleak November sun hung in the cold blue sky, and cast its feeble rays upon the stricken world. A war had come, had grasped the living youth, and with harsh, cruel fingers, had molded it into grey old age. Now it had passed—"Peace on Earth", loudly chimed the bells. "Peace on Earth", the dead men murmured. "Peace", whimpered the trees—but man craved forgetfulness.

Four years before a maiden and her lover had met at the tiny way-

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side cross and had pledged their love. The sky that day had been filled with floating powder-fluffy clouds. The wild wind had thrown the sweet-hearts more closely together as the sun had goldenly bridged one hill to another. A tearful farewell it was—but brave. God himself was there to witness the parting, and youth and hope were in their hearts.

In the years that passed many men were snatched up in War's bloody talons. One man among many was that soldier, and only one woman among millions wept for him with burning, unbelieving eyes.

Now she trudged up the hill—back bent and worn. It was a tryst with the phantom lover. Up to the grey weathered cross she went—and knelt down in a bed of frost-bitten wild flowers.

Dear God——” she prayed and knew the soldier was beside her. Young once more—and hopeful—they were—planning a glorious future. She leaned against the friendly cross, and a gust of wind closed her eyes.

A huge car swept by filled with noisy children who had grown up during the war—“Poor woman!” They shrieked above the clamor of the frenzied bells—“Wonder if she knows 'tis the Armistice and that the world is at peace?”

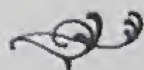
But the poor woman smiled—in her death sleep she was listening once more to her lover's tender, murmured whisper.

Pamela Meeker, Academy '28.

When

When Mars shall weary of struggle and strife
And sacred Vesta be omnipotent in Life;
When the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Shall be forever in total eclipse;
When War Lords cease their petty game of Chess
And are compelled their errors to confess;
And men stop being merely Pawns of Fate,
Lay down their swords, and folly do abate;
When laughter, love, and living rule the world;
When the Flag of All the Earth shall be unfurled—
This will be a better place for you and me.
It will be the dawn of Eternal Liberty!

Madelaine Mendelssohn, Academy '28.





Resolutions

New Year's Resolutions are queer sorts of things. We never miss an opportunity to make light of them, and yet an undercurrent of respect exists for them. We realize that the New Year's Resolution signifies a need for change—a need so great that even the individual concerned has discovered it. The time-honored custom of turning a clean page in the Book of Life each January is significant of man's natural desire to improve himself. He finds it embarrassing to say "I will be better", and so, under cover of New Year's Resolutions as a universally accepted joke, he dares to tell the world his resolves. The world, pretending to humor his annual resolution, in reality helps him to carry it out. There exists between the scoffer and the resolver a tacit understanding that New Year's resolutions are made to be fulfilled even though they must be publicly laughed at.

Often we have long lists of Resolutions—so long that we could never remember each one. Scoffers like this; they laugh harder and tell us we have the right New Year's spirit. The longer the list, the better the jest. Here at Shimer we find opportunities galore to make our lists long.

- 1, I will not eat between meals.
- 2, I will not write more than two letters a day.
- 3, I will not bunk.
- 4, I will not use extravagant slang.
- 5, I will not waste one single moment.
- 6, I will keep within my allowance.

Oh yes, it is easy to make a long list of resolutions—twice this long would be easy. But they are fully as easy to break. Out of a year of trials such a conglomeration of preccadilloes are strange things to select

as the resolutions for a new beginning. They could all be summed up together—"I will use discretion". Such a list has been made too easily. It has not necessitated retrospection. It has not necessitated on the part of the individual a frank analysis of himself. Surface thoughts are not lasting. Vows quickly made are quickly broken. Each broken vow brings its quota of loss of self-esteem.

Would it not be far better to make one resolution and know that back of it lies strength to fulfill it? Looking back on 1927 we do not find it difficult to select our biggest failure and to name its cause. Our greatest hope is that this failure of character shall never again be repeated. We have seen our shortcomings, and they have filled us with a firm, sincere determination to erase the blight they have made. With sincerity of conviction and determination of will we can carry out resolutions which we know will bring a vast improvement to us. But petty resolutions, carelessly made, lack the strength of their own convictions and can not stand.

Let us look back then, and judging from the pages of 1927, decide what belongs on the first page of 1928. Let us answer truthfully the questions our books will suggest to us. Am I a rule-breaker? Am I honorable in friendship? Am I morally strong? Am I indifferent to all things spiritual? Then when we have answered our questions we shall know where our frailties lie. Under the lash of self-judgment, and the sting of remorse, comes the will to reform. In the reformation comes strength and beauty of character.

Let us dare to resolve big things. Let us have the strength of our convictions and the will to fulfill our resolutions. In this New Year our school needs the best we can give. Shimer is our life; our resolutions will center about her. Let us make the resolutions vital things—things that cannot fail to affect our lives and the life of our School. From the experiences of 1927 we must base the motives which are to guide us in 1928.

The proper resolutions made, there remains for us a year—no, all years—in which to prove ourselves worthy of our own resolve. It should not be too hard a struggle for us to dare to live that which we have acknowledged to be right. It should not be too hard a struggle for us to dare to live that which we have vowed to live. We should find joy in consciously developing the best that lies within us. In this bright new year at Shimer let us work as a School and as individuals to fulfill the resolutions which we have made for the betterment of our lives.

What Price Duty?

The other day I raced down Lincoln highway in a high-powered roadster. Wind slapped against the windshield, roared across the top of the car and whistled in my ears. Life was exhilarating and I was reckless. A shrill whistle sounded behind me. I glanced at my speedometer and laughed. By the time I could stop my car the traffic cop was beside me—one foot on the running board. "But it was such a glorious day," I told him. "Who wouldn't speed? Besides—only fifty, and

there's no one here to tell the tale."

"Well, run along—don't let it happen again," he told me. Then he swung his motorcycle around, waved and started back.

"He has the proper spirit. He doesn't let responsibility warp his disposition." I felt the wind in my face again—25—35—45—and then a sudden bend in the road, a car ahead, a crash, and a terrible pain in my arm.

I had run my own risk, I had laughed at the laws made for the safety of my country. It was my crime. I paid the price and—the irony of life—involved another car full of people. But what about the traffic cop who had winked and said "go on"? Had he no part to play in the accident which followed?

It reminded me of times at Shimer when I had overlooked infringements of school rules. The rules, I thought, were petty enough of themselves, breaking them could bring no great disaster. So, when I was placed in any position of responsibility, I winked at the law-breakers, if they chanced to be my friends, and eased my conscience by telling myself that they would not get caught. But often they were caught, just as I was when I raced down the highway, just as people will always be as long as they break laws. Of course, they took their punishments and nobody blamed me. But, if I had not been lax, there would have been no punishments to inflict. Neither my motor cop nor I were looking ahead when we winked at petty crimes.

While my arm healed after the accident I thought of many other things at Shimer that were very closely related to this speed cop and my accident. I wondered why I had not thought of breaking little rules in this new light before. It was a very simple and very obvious line of thought. It must have been that while at Shimer I became assimilated by the rule-breaking. I failed to reason. I did not see the underlying value of every petty rule. I did not see that self-government is a sort of honor system. It is not only your reputation for responsibility that lies at stake when you fail in the duties the School has given you; it is your honor—that honor which you pledged to the Frances Shimer School when you enrolled in her classes.

We do so many things such as the traffic cop did. We do them because they seem like such little things, not real faults. We fail to report absences at the table; we fail to observe study hours; and we repeatedly beg our friends to shield us. "Don't mark me absent from 'gym' or church. Don't report me to the house committee." If the girl whose duty it is to do these things fails in her duty, we call her a good sport and our friend. In reality she has sacrificed school government for an act of false friendship. Not all Shimer girls have set themselves low standards, but "the chain is only as strong as its weakest link". Our goal stands out clearly even though it looks far ahead. Those who have the courage to follow the course duty demands must educate the rest. The morale of Frances Shimer rests on its students' desire for an upright, responsible student body—true sportsmanship of character.



Hockey Game

Three cheers for College as they claim the victory of the Thanksgiving game. The battle, which raged on that eventful day, well rewarded us for the sleep we lost, the cold hands and feet we got, and the time we spent in practicing.

The game was a credit to both Academy and College, the captains, and Miss Spurgin, the coach. The teams were outstanding in their cooperation and individual playing. The following girls all did their part in making the game a success:

COLLEGE

Mosher—(Capt.)
Wasson
Steinaker
Kennedy
Fox
Robb
Callahan
Mull
Porterfield
LeMunyon
Peterson, R.
Hamilton
MacKecknie

ACADEMY

Miller—(Capt.)
Utley
Stine
Shoemaker, M.
Ellis
Black
Robinson
Hess
Larsen, M.
Reed
Mendelsohn
Tolen
Crowley

The Hallowe'en Prom

Gay Pierrots and coquettish Pierretes frolicked under the Hallowe'en moon, while witches and goblins flew overhead on their ghastly errands. Outside the wind moaned, and phantoms glided, but in the ballroom, a happy throng of miscellaneous characters danced merrily. It was the night of the Hallowe'en Prom given by the Academy Juniors.

College Hall was festively decorated with gay streamers of varicolored paper, dancing balloons, and golden crescent moons. Colorful costumes lent a spirit of Bohemian jollity to the affair.

Madalene Mosher, as "Topsy", was awarded the prize for the most original costume. The other two prizes went to Pamela Meeker as a har-em dancer, and Virginia Hess as a villainous Mexican.

The Prom committee, headed by Dorothy Fryer, showed great ingenuity in managing the dance under the able supervision of Miss Spurgin, the class sponsor.

Thanksgiving Day at Frances Shimer

Thanksgiving Day is a big day in Frances Shimer School. All the old girls who have experienced it look forward to it for weeks, and the new girls catch their spirit of enthusiasm. Thanksgiving Day always seems a family day, but not for anything in the world would a "Shimerite" miss a Thanksgiving Day at Shimer.

It began at 6:30 in the morning, when everyone got out on Campus and yelled respectively for College and Academy. This year there was more than the usual controversy over the banners that each hung out, and many were the heated discussions between College and Academy over their dear banners. There seemed to be unusual "pep" and spirit this year, and everyone got out for the Hockey Game.

After Chapel, which the President presided over at twelve o'clock, we went to the diningroom where at one o'clock, the Thanksgiving Banquet was given. After the Trustees and the Faculty, the College Sophomore class, with their sponsor Miss Pollard, led the procession, the other classes and their sponsors following. The Seniors, according to tradition, came last carrying "Nebby" and singing his Pledge Song, which is so well-known and loved. The diningroom had a charming and beautiful atmosphere on Thanksgiving Day. The shades were drawn and the only light came from the soft gleam of candles. Each class had its own table decorated with flowers and place-cards.

The banquet course was sumptuous and delicious, with all the Thanksgiving accompaniments which everyone enjoyed. Near the end of the meal the Sophomores started the class songs by singing their school song, "Hail to Thee, Beloved Alma Mater". Each class in order, responded with their songs. The songs were as follows: To the School, To the President, To the "Frankie Frosh", To the Freshman, To the Sister Class, To Miss Morrison, To the Class, To the Sponsor, To the Class President. All songs were either beautifully harmonized or spiritedly clever, and all showed thought and originality. Intervals elapsed between the singing of the different songs, and during these, the Sophomores called upon the President for a speech. He complied willingly and after a short speech, turned to Mr. Rinewalt, a trustee and guest, who said a word to us. The banquet ended in everyone rising and singing the beloved "Frances Shimer, Alma Mater".

The Thanksgiving Prom

Thanksgiving Day came at last and with it the much anticipated prom. The grand march was led by Miss Parker, the Freshman class

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sponsor, and Carol Badger, the president. As we descended the stairs of College Hall, we entered a beautifully draped Chinese den. The walls were covered with silver dragons against a black background. The lights were dimmed by characteristic lanterns, and in the center of the ball-room at the back sat a stately mustic Buddha burning incense and silently watching the gay dancers. Before him lay a large plate of jewels.

Betty Kennedy and Jo Marshall gave a graceful Oriental dance in clever costumes of that country. Madelaine Johnstone, Katherine Steinkaker, and Margaret Munger sang the accompaniment, "Shanghai Dreamland". This Special was one of the most clever ever put on at Shimer, I am sure. The town orchestra arrayed in Chinese Coolie coats was very good, and everyone enjoyed dancing, although the floor was somewhat crowded. There was an unusual number of men imported for the occasion, making it seem more festive and more like a real Prom.

Punch and cookies were served as refreshments. We certainly congratulate Catherine Best as chairman of the Prom Committee, and the whole Freshman class on the successful prom they gave.

We who have helped give proms are able to appreciate the effort represented in this last one, and we hope to do as well in the Spring.

A Visitor

On October 27, Frances Shimer was honored by a visit from Doctor Frank Padelford, who is chairman of the Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention, in New York. Doctor Padelford was seen in the diningroom and walking about campus, but never did he give an address. However, he gave an explanation of his silence in the dining-room when called upon by the President to speak to us. He said that when he was once visiting a college he was asked to give a speech in Chapel and refused. A few days later a student accosted him and said, "Say! do you know you are the most popular fellow on Campus?" Dr. Padelford, of course, demanded an explanation, which was that he was the first fellow to refuse to speak in Chapel. Since then, he said, he had never given a speech and did not intend to. We accepted the explanation with enthusiasm and appreciated thoroughly the little anecdote.

Lew Sarett's Lecture-Recital

"Slow Smoke" is the name given by Mr. Lew Sarett to the lecture-recital he delivered at Metcalf Hall, Frances Shimer School, Thursday evening, November 10. Mr. Sarett is a well known poet and a member of the faculty of the Department of Speech of Northwestern University, and the Frances Shimer audience was fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing an exceptionally interesting and entertaining lecture.

Mr. Sarett read from his volume of poems, "Slow Smoke", many verses on Indian and Nature lore. These poems were inspired by his experiences in the North Woods, where he lived a number of years, and among the Indian tribes. His French-Canadian readings were delightfully picturesque. His story and imitation of the Indian war dance was

grotesquely real, and his sympathetic humor in picturing and imitating the wild things of the woods showed a keen appreciation and a deep understanding, for example, the call of the loon across the lake, the mother bear gathering honey for her cubs, and the Indian babe's lullaby.

The speaker possesses a remarkably flexible voice and a most fascinating personality, but he will be longer remembered by those who heard him for the new and deeper meaning he inspired them to see in all life.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Sarett spoke to the College girls on "Why Read Poetry". The talk was comprehensive and instructive, and was punctuated with delightful examples from modern poetry. In brief he said, "Poetry sweetens and reveals the soul, dropping from mankind the mask which surrounds him."

Recital by Harry Farbman

There are times when life seems worth living after all. Wednesday evening, November 16, was such an occasion, when Harry Farbman, violinist, made his second appearance at Frances Shimer and again impressed the audience with an exhibition of the power of a real artist over his instrument, an artist who demonstrated anew that he must be regarded as one of the elect. And a very youthful looking artist he is, for one who has taken so many strides along the road to perfection, but composed, dignified, and exceedingly earnest. He has no airs or graces; he goes directly to his work and concerns himself more about the music he is making than the impression he is creating. His superb technique, his individuality and temperament, all combine to make him a player who commands high praise from the discriminating critic.

Delphie Lindstrom deserves praise as an excellent accompanist, playing with skill and good taste, always supporting and never protruding. The two players secured an admirable ensemble, not only of rhythm but of musical moods.

It was a very fine recital, and Mr. Farbman confirmed and strengthened on this occasion the very favorable impression made on those who were privileged to hear him last year.

Y. W. C. A. Bazaar

The Chinese Bazaar, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., the night of November 26, was appropriately held in the ballroom, which was still decorated Chinese fashion. The speaker was Mrs. Lyans, a native of China. Those who were there enjoyed her short talk on the conditions of China, and her explanation that all Chinese are not laundrymen.

After the talk there was a rush to the tables on which were displayed many beautiful articles of oriental manufacture. The jewelry, which held the attention of the largest number, was fully deserving of this attention. For those with only the dregs of the month's allowance to spend, the knick knacks were alluring. The handkerchiefs and table

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linens, though they were not as popular as the other articles, were equally beautiful. Prints of oriental character showed the inevitable charm and daintiness which always accompanies them.

In one corner of the room the Shimer Christmas cards were for sale. When we visited this table we came back to America and the present with a bump.

Notes from the Speech Department

The speech department in the Frances Shimer School is doing a great work this year toward developing a talented womanhood, and training young girls to appreciate to the fullest extent a branch of work which will be invaluable to them outside of school. The girls who are taking private lessons under Miss Burtis are preparing to give some Monday afternoon entertainments. Every girl plans to give two selections each semester. The entire school is invited, for it is far from the school's desire that an active interest in the great arts should be restricted to the art departments. The first of these entertainments will be given in the Speech Department room on Monday, January 9, at four o'clock.

The Twig of Thorn

On Saturday evening, November 19, the Green Curtain Dramatic Club presented an Irish fairy play in two acts, entitled "The Twig of Thorn". The cast was as follows:

Nessa Teig, <i>the woman of the house</i>	Ruth Simmons
Maurya, <i>her neighbor</i>	Beth Cahn
Oonah, <i>Nessa's granddaughter</i>	Frances Shaner
Aengus Arann, <i>a young peasant</i>	Ruth Peterson
Aileel, <i>a wandering poet</i>	Katherine Wasson
Father Brian, <i>the priest</i>	Gwendolyn Bissell
A Faery Child	Madalene Mosher
Finula	Eleanor Strolmer
Kathleen	Bernis Larsen
Shelia	Annette Kirby
Sheamus	Catherine Best
Martin	Mona Larsen
Tumaus	Beulah Long

The scene is laid in the cottage of Nessa Teig in County Galway, near Kylebeg, in the year of the Great Famine.

Special mention is due Miss Burtis, the director; to costume director, Ruth Mearns; the property manager, Dorsel Jaeke; and the art director, Reine Baker.

Frances Shaner, in her quaint long skirts with a bit of ribbon in her hair, gave a lovely portrayal of Oonah, the typical fairy lore character.

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The Irish peasant lad Aengus, as played by Ruth Peterson, was an awkward, shy, enthusiastic boy full of his love for Oonah, but doubting his power to win her. In marked contrast to the heroic, imaginative Aileel, was Aengus with his crimson-lined cloak and golden harp. Katherine Wasson's musical voice was a key to the qualities of mystery and romance surrounding Aileel, the wandering poet. Ruth Simmons, as Nessa Teig, made a lasting impression on her audience. Ruth had one of the most difficult parts in the play, and she did beautifully. Not once did she fall out of her part, and not for one minute did the audience think of her as anyone but the old Irish woman. Beth Cahn, as Maurya, did remarkably well, also. Her part, like Ruth's was an extremely hard one to take, but she threw herself into it very well.

Vespers

Oct. 23. Miss Pollard gave us an interesting view of the settlement work that is being done by the Pi Phi's in the Tennessee mountains. The talk was illustrated by slides which added to the enjoyment of the hour.

Oct. 30. Miss Morrison gave us an interesting resume of her trips through Scotland. The keynote of her talk was that you do not have to live in the midst of the whirl of life to have the fine points of character and to know what is going on in the world.

Nov. 6. Miss Peters gave an interesting reading from "Vesper Talks to Girls". The keynote of the talk was making the most of this new life.

November 13. Miss Burnton had charge of Vespers. She played the violin beautifully with Miss Allyn as accompanist. The program was composed of familiar classics which the girls all enjoyed.

Vespers November 20

November 20 at vespers we had the opportunity to hear Dean Shailer Mathews speak once more at Frances Shimer. His subject was "The Pushing Back of the Frontier", and he discussed the topic from all phases of life. He was very interesting and all Shimer is awaiting his next visit with great eagerness. However, we sincerely hope that if Dean Mathews returns it will be to a more respectful and appreciative audience. The least we can do for all speakers at Shimer is to give them our silent attention and certainly a man as great as Dean Shailer Mathews with his reputation should command our undivided attention.

Sunday, November 27, Miss Miles had charge of Vespers. But as we had as our visitor that week-end, Mrs. Lyan, Miss Miles asked her to speak to us.

"Education in China" was the subject Mrs. Lyan choose to talk on. She asked us to consider and appreciate the wonder opportunities that are given to us in order to study—and the few chances Chinese boys and girls have to even go to a primary school. She told of her interesting childhood and how at the age of thirteen she ran away from home to a large

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hospital in London. She graduated from the hospital with many honors and returned to China to do all she could to improve the conditions there. She was given a very crude mud hut to carry on her work in. In spite of the many difficulties she had, Mrs. Lyan graduated two classes of trained nurses and they were the only ones to be had in Northern China for many years.

Mrs. Lyan praised our country, government, and education, but she also warned us not to be satisfied with our life but every day to improve it.

We certainly understand better the dangerous conditions in China, and I am sure all the students in Frances Shimer gave some time Sunday night thinking about how lucky they were to be in F. S. S. We all hope that Mrs. Lyan can return next year and tell us more of her home.

Sunday, December 4, Miss Root had charge of the Vesper Service. She told us of the French Christmases she had seen—both in the provinces and in Paris. We learned that France has the same beauty and cheer of Christmas that we have. Miss Root told us of the French midnight mass, and she and Miss Burnton played a number of French Christmas carols for us. Miss Root said she hoped to make her vesper service entertaining and profitable, and she very certainly succeeded. The girls were extraordinarily interested in the French Christmas—perhaps because our own was so near.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has tried to make the girls at Shimer feel that this organization is their own, that it belongs to them, and the cabinet wishes to thank the girls who have so loyally supported us each week.

"My Belief in a God", was the subject taken by Miss Pollard. It was an interesting meeting, and each one of us as we left, felt the better for having been present.

Margaret Munger led the next meeting with a discussion on "Can we love our enemies?" Babette Lemon gave on the following week an interesting talk on "Recreation".

"Our Leisure Time, what shall we do with it?" was the topic taken by Mrs. McKee. Those who were present at that meeting knew that they had not wasted their time listening, because we all learned many things that night that we had seldom given a thought to before. The cabinet served coffee and wafers at that meeting.

Mrs. Lyans, who spoke at Vespers, November 13, was here under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.. She was one who helped us gain the success we had with our Bazaar on Thanksgiving.

The Y. W. leaders have received very good co-operation from the girls and hope to keep their friendship and help throughout the year.

Amusements

On Saturday night, October 22, we had a "movie" here at Shimer entitled "College" starring Buster Keaton. The picture was extremely

funny, as all of Buster Keaton's are. It was concerned with a very green country boy who had been a wonder in his studies in high school, but who was so absorbed in his books that he was peculiar. When he went to College, he took up athletics and, at first, was a total failure, but by the end he, of course, was the college hero. We all enjoyed it immensely, and hope that we may have more of this kind.

Saturday night, November 12th, the "movie" "Chang" was given in the Chapel. Chang was a very novel and interesting picture, for it was so vastly different from the average "movie". From the standpoint of production and photography it was exceptional, for it was taken in the jungles of Northern Siam, where white men seldom penetrate because of the great dangers. The pictures of the many, many animals were very characteristic and enlightening. The plot was developed with an absolutely all native cast, which seemed incredible considering the uncivilized state of the people and their natural aversion to cameras. The girls were intensely interested and were sorry when "The End" was flashed on the screen.

Green Curtain Dramatic Club

The first regular business meeting of the new and old members of the Green Curtain Dramatic Club was held in the Dramatic Club room after the formal initiation. At that time we planned a very interesting program for the first semester. Each club night two one-act plays are to be directed and produced by the Club for all members and any other Frances Shimer girls who wish to come and do not belong to other clubs. A committee for these monthly plays was appointed. It was also decided that the club should meet each Thursday night from six-fifteen until six forty-five. Committees were appointed to take charge of these meetings. On one Thursday of each month we are to have a report on current plays, on the next Thursday we are to study the art of theatrical make-up, and on the third Thursday we are to have a business meeting. We are confident that this program will insure an active interest in the club and will offer to club members a profitable and enjoyable semester.

At the next business meeting, October 26, 1927, the above committees each gave a report. They suggested more or less exact subjects to be used, and appointed certain girls to be responsible for the subjects at fixed future dates.

At the next business meeting, Saturday, November 11, 1927, Dorsel Jaeke was elected stage manager and Ruth Mearns costume manager for the "Twig of Thorn". Reine Baker was chosen art director for the entire year. The remainder of the evening was spent in diligent hemming of the new cyclorama.

On Saturday night, November 4, 1927, the one-act plays, "The Beau of Bath" and "The Open Road", were presented for the members of the Dramatic Club. Ruth Simmons directed "The Beau of Bath". The cast was as follows:

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Beau Nash, Katherine Wasson.
Rosiland, Betty Lourie.
Jepson, Catherine Best.

The scene was an English living-room of 1750, and the powdered hair, velvet breeches and soft candle light gave the desired atmosphere of romance. "The Open Road" was directed by Madalaine Mosher. The cast was:

The Boy, Thyria Hughart.
The Girl, Barbara Clark.
The Tramp, Cherrie Jaeke.
The Sheriff, Madalene Mosher.

All the details were carefully worked out. In contrast to "The Beau of Bath" this play was of a comic nature.

These plays were given without the direct aid of Miss Burtis, and were of a two-fold purpose—that of giving entertainment, and that of giving practical experience to the cast and directors.

On November 10, 1927, the Dramtic Club had the honor of entertaining Lew Sarrett for coffee after the lecture in the evening. All the faculty members were invited together with girls, not in the club, who were interested in poetry. We had a very enjoyable time talking to Mr. Sarett. He charmingly invited us to question him concerning poetry and his graciousness made the evening delightfully informal.

On Thursday, November 25, 1927, Mona Larsen gave a report on "The Road to Rome". She had seen the play staged in Chicago the previous week and her report was of the greatest interest to the club members.

Saturday, December 3, was club night. The two one-act plays to be given were postponed until January and February club nights, and a social evening was had instead. Each member came dressed as the title of a play. Annette Kirby won the first prize for the cleverest masquerade. She represented the play "Lulu Bett". After all the plays had been guessed and the prize awarded, Cherrie Jaeke gave a humorous pianologue so well that an encore was demanded. Frances Shaner read the difficult selection "The Highway Man" with much expression. Coffee and candies were served later in the evening.

Poetry Club

Our first monthly meeting of the year was held Saturday night, November fifth in Miss Pollard's room in McKee. Miss Pollard, in her usual intereting manner, read "Aurora Leigh", by Mrs. Browning. The evening proved a most enjoyable one and adjourned after the "eats" committee, Katherine Beardsely and Muriel Yenerich, served refreshments.

At the second monthly meeting, a program of travel poems was read. Libbie Bell Sheehan and Olive Spensley were the refreshment committee.

Sewing Club Notes

The Sewing Club met Saturday evening in Science Hall, in the room next to the kitchen. We sewed and talked until 8:30, when refresh-

ments, consisting of tasty tomato-bacon sandwiches and coffee, were served by Pluma Kenfield, Ione Caddick, and Abbie Allen. I think not very many of our new girls realized before they came, what fun it is to sit comfortably, sewing and chattering in little groups around the room, heads together, and tongues and needles maintaining an even pace. It certainly is heaps of fun, as every member of the Sewing Club can testify.

Latin Club

The Latin Club, *Fori Socia Sorores*, held its first meeting in the sewing room of Science Hall, November fifth. The following officers were elected: President, Maurine Bledsoe; Vice President, Pearl VanKuren; Secretary, Ferne Rogers; and Treasurer, Helen Bell Utely. With Miss Hostetter as sponsor an enjoyable time is predicted for this year.

As the purpose of the club is to acquaint its members with Roman life and customs, we are going to make a small model of a Roman house, to be completed by the end of the year. Plans for the house have been drawn in a large box and each member has chosen certain rooms to decorate and furnish. All the members find this work very interesting and enjoyable.

Miss Hostetter furnished dainty refreshments for the club's first meeting.

Music Club

The first meeting of the Music Club was held November fifth at which time the following officers were elected: President, Vernetta White; Vice President, Alice Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Leona Harris; and Program Chairman, Amy Prall. It is with much enthusiasm the members look forward to the coming year with Miss Schuster as sponsor. The members agreed to take up the study of operas and their composers as their subject matter for the year.

Hostess Club Notes

The Hostess Club is one of the clubs that was re-organized this year. We met in Miss Emerson's room in October, and the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Shoemaker; Vice President, Winifred Peterson; Secretary-Treasurer, Winifred Rannels. We were very glad when Miss Falck consented to be our sponsor.

The second meeting was held in College Hall parlor, November 5, with Winifred Peterson taking charge. A number of articles on "How To Entertain At Tea" were read, and refreshments were served.

The purpose of this club is to show the girls how to entertain at different social functions.

College Sophomore Notes

On the first Sunday of October, Miss Pollard gave a coffee in College Hall for the Sophomore class. We had such a delightful time that we decided to have a similar social afternoon for College Sophomores the first Sunday of every month. The hostesses for November sixth were

Betty Lourie, Katherine Wasson, Libby Bell Sheehan, and Virginia Campbell.

Besides being extraordinarily well-behaved in order to merit our special privileges, we have been spending night after night in song practice for Thanksgiving Day. After long anticipation we received our "privs" at last. Now we may lie luxuriously in bed three mornings a month, while the rest of the school drags sleepy-eyed to breakfast. We are allowed to stay off campus until five-fifteen; have lunch down town on Mondays without a chaperone; go in groups of four to Freeport once a semester, and to sit in the ball-headed rows in chapel. What more could all coming Sophomores aspire to?

The Freshman Class

For the past month the Freshman class has been working with the greatest diligence. Several weeks ago Evelyn LeMunyon and her committee completed the Freshmen songs for Thanksgiving dinner, and from that time until Thanksgiving the class spent most of its spare time practicing for them. Dinner on November twenty-fourth was a big event for the class since it was the largest in number, took up the most room in the dining room, made the most noise singing, and, at last, received their long-awaited Frankie Frosh.

The Prom committee with Katherine Best as its chairman put forth much effort in making the Thanksgiving prom a success. Beth Cahn was chairman of the decorating committee and George Ann Sanders of the refreshment committee. Every Freshman is proud of the prom, for it was a true success.

As it is plain to see, November has been a noteworthy month for the College Freshmen and each one of them will remember this month to the last of her days.

Junior Class Report

After having searched every nook and corner of campus above ground as well as below, we failed to find Nebby before Thanksgiving. However, we have been doing numerous other things and included in these is the Mardi Gras which we gave October 29 in College Hall.

Then we began to prepare rather strenuously for the songs for the Thanksgiving dinner and we certainly owe many thanks to our president, Annette Kirby, for her help and patience.

We are also exceedingly proud of our five Juniors on the Academy hockey team and our Junior cheer leader, Virginia Williams.

Senior Class Notes

In spite of the Junior's frantic last-minute efforts to find him, Nebby stood proudly on the Seniors' table Thanksgiving Day. He enjoyed a brief wave of popularity before he was again hidden. We feel sure that our beloved Mascot will stay with us through the rest of the year.

On Thanksgiving Day we received our longed-for privileges which were promptly put into use.

On Monday, November fourteenth, Miss Hostetter entertained us in her home. We spent the afternoon practicing our Thanksgiving songs and afterwards Miss Hostetter and Miss Thoreen served delightful refreshments.

Academy Sophomore Class Notes

All is not play as we soon found when we started working on our songs. After working very hard, we received our reward, plenty of applause, on Thanksgiving Day, after eating a most delicious chicken dinner.

Academy Freshman Class Notes

Much of our spare time before Thanksgiving was taken up in completing and practicing songs for our Thanksgiving Banquet. We owe many thanks to Miss Baxter for her aid and enthusiasm, and also to all the members of the class for their help.

Miss Baxter entertained the Freshman class in her room the Monday afternoon before Thanksgiving. We had a lovely time. Delicious refreshments were served by our hostess.

Christmas Party

On December 12, Monday afternoon, the Frances Shimer Christmas party was held in the chapel. Dorsel Jacke, the town-crier, summoned the townsmen to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child. The Mummers followed singing many of the well-known Christmas carols. Then followed the old English Christmas custom of lighting the Christmas candles, hanging the holly wreath, kindling the Yule log, and burning the fagots. Betty Seitner, Mary Jean Miles, and Suzanne Miles added a touch of childhood joy to the scene. Evelyn LeMunyon, in cap and bells, was the merrymaker of the group. Madeline Mosher read beautifully Henry Van Dyke's "The Lost Word".

Next the curtain rose and fell on the four tableaux telling the story of the nativity. Helen Reber was the Madonna. The tableaux were made effective by the beautiful coloring and lighting. Frances Shaner read the jolly "Night Before Christmas". Then Santa (Arline Tollan) and his shadow (Eleanor Harris) popped in and distributed Christmas stockings to all the children. Old English Wassail and cakes were served and the Wassail song was sung by all. Miss Fortna and Hazel Voltmer serving the social committee of the Y. W. C. A., are to be congratulated on the very successful Christmas party.

Christmas Recital

The Christmas student recital was given Saturday night, December 10. This recital is one that is always looked forward to a great deal because the true talent of Shimer is expressed. We were so proud this year to find that there are many girls who play the piano well. Two girls have lovely voices; and two gave selections on the violin. The Hungarian Rhapsody, played by Arthur Isenhardt, was a very fitting number for the

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last, for it was played with such force and expression that it will be remembered by everyone present for many years to come. The program of the evening was as follows:

Scenes from Childhood	- - - - -	Schumann
No. 2 Strange Story		
No. 1 Of Foreign Lands and People		
No. 6 Important Event		
	<i>Mary Catherine Zuck</i>	
Torch Dance from "Henry VIII"	- - - - -	German
	<i>Marie Louise Gardner</i>	
(a) Cradle Song	- - - - -	Hauser
(b) La Cinquantaine	- - - - -	Gabriel-Marie
	<i>Marjorie Puterbaugh</i>	
Barcarolle	- - - - -	Ornstein
	<i>Jeanne Medsker</i>	
East Wind	- - - - -	Loth
	<i>Thelma Dyson</i>	
What's In the Air Today?	- - - - -	Eden
	<i>M'lisse Snyder</i>	
The Fauns	- - - - -	Chaminade
	<i>Dorsel Jaeke</i>	
Valcik	- - - - -	Mokrejs
	<i>Muriel Yenerich</i>	
(a) Far Away Song	- - - - -	Clokey
(b) Tiptoe	- - - - -	Carew
	<i>Ione Anderson</i>	
Danse Negre	- - - - -	Cyril Scott
	<i>Margaret Munger</i>	
Andante from Concerto No. 7	- - - - -	De Beriot
	<i>Cherrie Jaeke</i>	
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6	- - - - -	Liszt
	<i>Arthur Isenbart</i>	

THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Dorothy Dawson '25 is teaching this year in the public schools of Owensville, Indiana. She spent last year in Evansville College, to which she hopes to return next year to complete her work for B. A. degree.

Dorothy Jane Hill '27 was granted senior standing at the Cleveland Kindergarten Training School. She writes that she is deeply interested in her work.

Jean Margaret Wright '21 entered the University of Wisconsin in September with Junior standing.

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Marjorie Graham '20 teaches History in the high school at Blue Island.

Jessie Brown '26 has a secretarial position in the office of the Ford Motor Company in Detroit.

Lillian Bowman '25 is a member of a vocal trio that is doing lyceum work this year.

Rebecca Pratt '21 is teaching in Girard, Illinois.

Eleanor Seagren '23 has a position in the offices of the Swedish Steamship Company, in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes'15) welcomed a daughter to their home in Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, on September 21. She will be known as Margaret Sara.

Elizabeth Andrew '25 is studying Home Economics at Lewis Institute in Chicago.

Agnes Prentice '14 has the position of social secretary to President Mason of the University of Chicago. For several years she served as assistant to the Director of Ida Noyes Hall at the University.

Viola Shirk '27 and Muriel Preble '26, who are teaching in the Junior High School at Warren, Illinois, visited friends at the School in October.

Gertrude Moore '23 is instructor in English in the High School at St. Elmo.

Floy Orr '24 resigned her position in the Junior High School at Savanna, Illinois, and entered the University of Chicago in October to complete her work for the B. A. degree.

Florence Keiser '25 is spending the year at home in Danville, Illinois. She writes of frequent meetings with former Frances Shimer students, and of the pleasure she finds in all the school contacts.

Janet Mills '25 lives in Detroit, Michigan, where she has a secretarial position.

Alma Grove, '23-'24, was recently honored by election to membership in "Curtain and Bell", a dramatic club at the University of Illinois.

Harriett Lee, ex-Faculty, is Director of Religious Education for the Y. W. C. A. of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Charlotte Gower, '17-'19, who completed her preparation for Smith College at Frances Shimer, was graduated from there in 1922. The following year she spent in the Near East in the study of Archeology. In June 1926 she received the A. M. degree at the University of Chicago, where she holds a fellowship in Anthropology.

Nelle Hall '23 teaches English in the High School at Dunlap, Iowa.

Sara Finley '27 writes: "You want to know all about Wellesley. I do not know a single thing about it. It is too big. Although I have been here a number of weeks, I can still get lost on the campus, which contains three hundred and fifty acres, not including Lake Waban. It is so beautiful that I couldn't begin to describe it, but the part I like best is the path around the lake, which winds through cool dark pine trees. And there are funny little toy seats along the way, some right along the

lake and others under the trees. I found it one day quite by accident when I was out walking and got lost! All of us Freshmen live in small houses in the 'vil' and ride to classes on bicycles. We paint them all colors, mangle them horribly, and then call them 'collegiate'."

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Slothower (Jeannette Patterson '18) are the parents of a daughter, Margaret Anne, born October 23, 1927, at Warren, Illinois.

Edith May Whitfield '23 called at the School in November. Since graduating from the University of Illinois she has been instructor in History in the High School at Danville, Illinois.

Anna Reese '06 is president of the Reese Grain Company, with offices in New York and various other American and European cities. Although she has made no trans-oceanic flights, she travels from various points in her own airplane. From Winnipeg, Manitoba, she writes: "I would like

visit Frances Shimer again, and my pilot has promised to take me there as soon as I can arrange time for the trip. I shall always feel deeply indebted to Frances Shimer for helping me through the rather trying age of my life. My contact with girls from various places saved me from being swamped in the provincial atmosphere of a small town and gave me an ambition to work for something. When I look back it seems a long way, full of obstacles, with little help from the start except the fundamental principles of honesty and right living."

Friends at Frances Shimer were glad to welcome the following old girls back for the Thanksgiving Prom: Jane O'Boyle, Elizabeth Andrew, Elizabeth Brayton, Beth Hower, Mary Ann O'Boyle, Marguerite Fenske, Virginia Alkire, Margaret Sinclair, Jean Barry, Eleanor Thiede, Virginia Park.

Bernice Rayburn '22 is a member of the Faculty of Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Beth Hower '27 is studying at the McPhail Conservatory of Music in Minneapolis and teaching music at St. Anthony, one of the parochial schools of the city. She writes that she is a member of the conservatory orchestra and is generally enjoying the musical opportunities afforded by the city.

Belle Bement Edmunds, '11-'12, and her husband visited the School in October. They reside in Kilbourn, Wisconsin, where Mr. Edmunds is proprietor of The Pines Hotel.

Norma Jones Steelsmith '12 has announced her engagement to Mr. William E. Edwards of New York City. Since leaving Frances Shimer Mrs. Steelsmith graduated from Drake University, Des Moines, and has recently been doing graduate work at Columbia. Mr. Edmunds was a Princeton football star during his college days, was later police commissioner of New York City under Mayor Gaynor, and Collector of Internal Revenue in New York during the administration of President Wilson.

Mabel Dougherty '13 writes: "You will be surprised to hear that I am again at work in a school for girls; whether for a period of fifteen

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years or not I cannot say." Miss Dougherty, who was for fifteen years associated with Frances Shimer as student, librarian, and accountant, is now Secretary of the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, California.

Dr. Alice Braunlich, formerly instructor in Latin at Frances Shimer and now a professor of Latin in Goucher College, had a poem in the October-December number of the *Sewanee Review*. A group of her poems has also been accepted by *Folklore*.

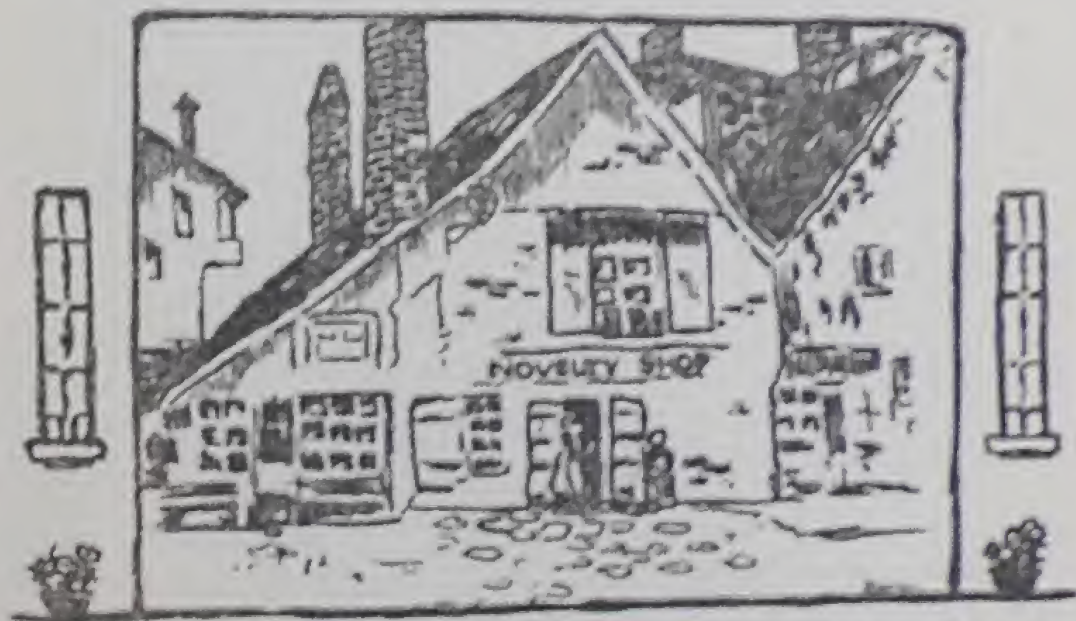
Amelia Jones Popham, '90-'92, lives in Marengo, Iowa, where her husband is judge of the circuit court.

Friends at Frances Shimer were saddened by the news of the sudden death of Pearl McCaskey, College '16-'17, at her home in Elliot, Iowa, in October.

Melanie Weill Magnus, '11-'13, visited her niece, Jane Magnus, at the School in December. She has two children, Edward, Jr., six years old, and a daughter, Nanette, who has just turned four.

Cards have been received at Frances Shimer announcing the arrival of Stephen Miller Cook, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Shepard Cook (Kuth Chrissinger '22) in Evanston on November 29, 1927.

Friends at Frances Shimer are happy to know that Helen Louise Porteus, Academy '16-'17, is recovering from a long illness at her home in Evanston. She will spend the winter in Florida with a tutor and return to Frances Shimer in April.



Miss Pollard in make-up English class: "What mood in this sentence? 'Take the cow out of the pasture'?"
Beulla Long. "The Cow".

Miss Burtis in Public Speaking Class: "What do you think when a speaker gets up before an audience and says he is glad to be before all these bright and shining faces? Babette, what are your first thoughts?"

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Babette: "I wonder where my compact is."

With sarcasm, irony, satire, ridicule and scorn in his voice the professor spoke these words before the semester exams, "Make your own mistakes."

A small visitor last Saturday afternoon ran to her mother: "What are those two angry girls out there exchanging their clothes for?"

Wise Mother: "They are probably roommates."

George Ann Sanders went to See,
Silver garters above her knee,
She will be back and marry thee,
Pretty little Freddy.

Teacher: "Why did you have quotation marks at the beginning and end of your exam paper?"

Student: "You see, I was quoting the girl in front of me."

After a test. First Stude: "How do you feel?"

Second Stude: "Rather C sick."

"What we would like to know," asks the inquisitive seeker of etiquette, "is who keeps Emily Posted."

Said the haughty pronoun, "Don't get personal."

French student nudging neighbor to the left: "What does 'Je ne sais pas', mean?"

"I don't know."

The French student pokes the girl on the right: "What do s 'Je ne sais pas', mean?"

"I don't know."

Dispairing French student calls the attention of the girl in front of her: "What does 'Je ne sais pas' mean?"

"I don't know."

French student thinks to herself: "Oh well, I'm not the only one here that doesn't understand these French sentences."

Lost: Ladder about the campus, with Fred Sack upon it. Please return to the steam plant.

Found: A light tan oxford, by Kate Wasson with a brown tongue and a checkered shoe string.

Notice, posted by Miss Morrison. Parties that do not get their notebooks at once shall be thrown in the waste basket.

For Sale: Etchings of a pig by the physiology class.

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Wanted: Permission to remain in the dining room sixth period each day.—Pinkie's Table.

Porter: "Then if I forgive you, we'll make up, huh?"

Dolly: "Oh, that's dandy! An' you'll still be the story teller I called you, won't you, huh?"

You are cordially invited into room 4 any hour after Carol retires. Your visit will be most enjoyable because of the entertainment she will provide. Talking in one's sleep is most interesting. Suppose though you wished to sleep when suddenly you are interrupted with—

"I don't care if McKee is on fire I'm not going to get up. Take my clothes out of the closet though. The horses of the firewagon can't get up here on fourth floor anyway. Lots of horses up here, though not that kind of horse. No, I won't get up. I wouldn't even get up for the Prince of Wales."

The night before the prom, she cries out, "Don't let those dragons get me. Help me up this ladder. I can't get down." Then she sings, some Spanish song evidently. Silence reigns to be followed by a wild burst of laughter. "Oh see Mr. McKee asking Miss Morrison questions in Economics. She gives definition after definition. Really this is too much, I'll listen to anything but recitations."

I am sorry I cannot tell you definitely what her topic will be when you call; however, I am sure it will be quite educational.

Miss E.: "You know the vaults of the U. S. Treasury are filled with bullion."

Mona: "Is it in cubes?"

Heard in English Class: "The better part of ballad is discretion."
Name an early tragedy.

Bright Student: "Dr. Fowdick."

Exchanges

"*The Kodak*", Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Your annual was very interesting. The Senior "slams" were very clever.

"*The Tatler*", The Northup School, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Your Senior write-ups were also very clever and interesting. We liked your whole magazine.

"*The College Greetings*", Jacksonville Women's College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Your news write-ups were written very well. We especially liked "The Inquiring Reporter".

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